

TEEN
SORORITIES-

SCHOOLS FOR FREE LOVE, PASSION AND ORGIES



WORLD of MEN

EXPOSED:
SUBURBAN
SEX
CULTS-
HOW THEY
OPERATE

EXCLUSIVE:
BEWARE
THE WORLD OF
LUST WITHOUT
LOVE

NOV. 35¢ PDC



SOFT BLONDES
FOR THE
REDS' SHAFTS
OF STEEL

HELPLESS BRIDES
OF THE LASH IN
SATAN'S HELL



An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

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keratolytic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you, If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

*1962 Comate Corporation, 20 West 45 Street, New York 36.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
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"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped." —L.H.W., Los Angeles, Calif.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out and made it grow. — Oklahoma City, Okla."

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin." —D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money. Nothing helped until he started using your formula." —Mrs. R. LFB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see a definite change in my scalp and hair."

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"Now my hair looks quite thick." —F. J. X., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much." —Mrs. J. E., Elgin, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no relief from the terrible dandruff and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker." —G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling out." —R. H., Bureau, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it." —L. M. W., Calverton, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair. I am very happy with the results, and will use them three more. I am so happy over it. I had to write." —Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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20 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

2511B

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B. R. AMPOLSK

Editor

BEN HARVEY

Art Director

RICHARD SCHWARTZBERG

Managing Editor

JIM DYSON

Ass't Art Director

ART CROCKETT

Ass't Editor

H. ACHMAD

Art Associate

IRY LEVY

Art Associates

RICHARD T. FALK

Editorial Associate

National Advertising Representatives

HAMMOND ASSOCIATES

120 East 56th Street

New York, N.Y. 10022

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SMASH THE SULTAN'S FABULOUS FLESH PALACE.....

by BREGG BURGESS as told to BOB SHIELDS

I had a tall order ahead of me: Get Mona out. Then I saw it.

BEWARE THE WORLD OF LUST WITHOUT LOVE.....

by D. R. GRAHAM

She may make you feel nine feet tall. That's what she's there for.

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The smoldering wanton burst into a lust fire so hot it melted the bars on the jail house.

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READ WHAT SUCCESSFUL BEGINNERS FOLLOWING THIS PLAN REPORT...

Before I sent for your plan, I was stumbling along on a time card job without much future. Now I can enjoy the freedom and security of a business of my own which has no limit. To every person, my advice is to try Mellinger. You will never regret it.

WILLIAM J. JONES,
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P. R. CROWDE,
SWORDS, Canada

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ONE MONTH



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No. Carolina

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H. J. OLINGER,
Oklahoma

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WE WILL RUSH YOU OUR FREE APPLICATION — **TODAY!**

by Richard Stevens

A REPORTER'S NOSE FOR NEWS can get him into trouble at times, according to John Prince, newsman for the Poplar Bluff "American Republic," in Missouri. As he was driving to work one morning he saw the flashing red lights on a parked police car on the roadside. He thought he'd come across a story. He didn't. The police were checking for cars without city license stickers—and he didn't have one. He wound up with a ticket.

BRITISH WOMEN are losing a long, private haven for fixing garter belts, adjusting stockings and doing last-minute primping: The traditional non-see-through telephone booth. Telephone Company officials say that glass-walled see-through booths are being set up and the metal ones are being torn down. This will discourage women from using the booths as their dressing rooms, the official said. Also, the new glass-walled booths will discourage another element: coin box thieves.

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU want to kick the cigarette habit? Simple, according to Kurt Albrechtsen of Aalborg, Denmark. You go where there are no cigarette machines or stores that sell smokes. And that's exactly what he did. Albrechtsen sailed to a lonely, rain-swept island in the South-West Pacific and instructed swabbies not to take him off for six months. It began when he read about drug addicts in Hong Kong being isolated on an island as a cure. Nothing short of isolation could break the habit, he maintained. He'd been a three-pack-a-day man for the past 16 years.

THE ONLY WAY to have toast with your coffee in East Germany is to set a loaf of bread on fire.

But all that's in the past. After constant bickering with the Red government, East German families are looking forward to better breakfast when the electrical industry fulfills its promise to provide toasters to cope with Monday morning's stale bread. For more than two years, the East German electrical industry has been unable to meet the domestic demand for toasters, and angry letters have been written to newspapers and labor organizations about it.

SUPREME COURT GUARDS in Brooklyn, New York, are on the look-out for authors. And it's not to praise them for their literary efforts. The scrawled writings on the walls of a dozen elevators in the court building, could have meaning as social documents. The short, colorful curses, off-color words and phrases are interspersed with doodles, gouged angrily into the metal panels. They are a testament to the fear, misery, hate and anguish—or just plain mischievousness—of hundreds of elevator riders who have been entangled over the years in court cases. Most of the "writing" names judges, lawyers and district attorneys in vivid four letter descriptions.

AUTHORITIES OF NEW YORK'S BOTANICAL GARDENS, in the Bronx, have this message for flower lovers: "You could touch a rose or pet a gladiola. You could even stroke a violet if you have a mind to. But never—never tangle with a *diffenbachia*. It may tangle back." The message was issued after a Queens, New York family began examining the *diffenbachia*. The plant, tall, thick-stemmed, and with paddle-shaped green and white leaves, didn't care to be handled. So the paddies did some paddling of their own. Right

(Continued on page 40)



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Age.....

Up..... Amount I Want to Borrow \$.....

MAN'S MEDICAL MEMO

Being demonstrated by Mari Anna Armijo of the Thiokol Chemical Company, Los Angeles, is a new briefcase-sized device that can spot a heart ailment in less than a minute. Called an "Electro Cardio Analyzer,"



The machine uses electrical pulses from the heart to determine if the organ is functioning properly. The results are evaluated by a series of lights on the face of the machine. Its proposed use is for large groups, much in the manner that chest X-Rays are currently conducted. The patient here is Mark Fields, an employee of Thiokol, the organization that developed the machine. The death rate from lung cancer is influenced not only by the amount of cigarettes smoked but also by the way they are smoked according to two British doctors. Said M.D.'s G.Z. Brett and B. Benjamin, smokers who keep cigarettes in their mouths—termed "the drooping cigarette"—instead of removing them after each puff—run higher chances of dying of lung cancer. The report was made after a three-year study of 54,460 male smokers, and the findings published in the New British

Medical Journal. A new drug effective against fatal infections that frequently follow extensive deep body burns was reported recently by the American Medical Association convention. The new drug, silver sulfadiazine, is applied as an ointment and is capable of gradually dissolving in wound oozings and other body fluids.

Apparently healthy people in their early 40's, who are candidates for a coronary, can now be picked out for preventive treatment by "looking them straight in the eye." The clue is an easily seen grayish ring containing the fatty substance cholesterol, which develops around the outer margin of the corneal window. This condition, called corneal arcus, is so common in old age as to be of no diagnostic value, but its appearance in younger people is a warning that they should have their blood analyzed for excessive fats. Studies at several centers have linked corneal arcus with disease of the blood vessels. The strongest evidence is that the ring is particularly common, sometimes even at a very early age, in families with a tendency to have high levels of certain fatty compounds in their blood. A "wrist watch" to save lives was developed by doctors and engineers of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine at Baltimore, Md. The device, a wrist-watch-like monitoring instrument which they said would reduce the death toll from respiratory disorders such as acute respiratory syndrome or hyaline-membrane disease and Emphysema, the lung disease that kills more than 17,000 Americans every year. Expected to be ready for general use in hospitals before the end of the year, it is designed to tell a physician continuously whether proper lung function is being maintained in critically ill or injured patients. Approximately half of all the hospital beds in the U.S. are occupied by the mentally ill. About one million mental patients are treated yearly in private and public hospitals.

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BURIED TREASURE

Painter-fashion creator Florentino Albion of Florence, Italy, has designed this latest model, called "Numismatica."



It's a two piece outfit for the beach that's covered with coins from many nations. Albion's previous ensembles have included dresses made of fur, shells, glass and wood... Ever wonder how they make coins? It starts in the Make-Up room in the impressive block-long Mint in Philadelphia. The minting operation is an involved, accurate process. In the Make-Up room various metals are alloyed for the different denominations of coins. The metals, in proper proportions, are assembled and sent to the electric furnaces where they're melted. Silver coins are composed of pure silver alloyed, or mixed, with copper at the ratio of 90 per cent silver and 10 per cent copper. Five-cent coins are 75 per cent copper and 25 per cent nickel; one cent coins

are 95 per cent copper and five per cent zinc. When the proper temperature has been reached, the metal is poured into moulds and cast into ingots or slabs. They're passed through rolling mills a sufficient number of times to reduce them to the thickness required for each coin. From the resultant strips, planchets (blanks) are cut on blanking presses, the size varying according to the denomination of coin for which they are intended. The blanks are "annealed" in suitable furnaces to "soften" them for the actual coining operation. The annealed blanks are then placed in big barrels resembling a cement mixer and are tumbled about in prepared solutions to clean and polish them. The blanks are then put through an "upsetting mill" to produce the raised or thickened edge on the coins, which give them protection against wear. It's in the Coin Press Room where the little discs take on an identity. They go into presses as blanks and come out bearing the devices and inscriptions which make them coin of the realm—cents, nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars.

Employees go through a metal detector as a guard examines their pocketbooks and persons. All Mint employees must follow the same process before leaving the premises... If you're thinking of securing a credit card, for gas, furniture, clothes, or what have you, better digest this first: Americans are on a borrowing binge that adds up to almost half-a-trillion dollars a year. The rush to buy now, pay later, piled up debts last year averaging \$6,840 for every man, woman and child in the U.S. This year the figure is even higher. While personal income has merely doubled in the last 15 years, consumer debt has quadrupled. Currently, about \$1 of every \$7 in pay envelopes goes to repay installment debts on items already purchased. In fact, the only thing increasing faster than personal debt is personal bankruptcy...

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SMASH THE SULTAN'S FABULOUS FLESH PALACE

Mona's silken beauty had set the oil fields afame with lust and revenge.

By Gregg Burgess as told to Bob Shields

THE thin, toothless, sun-blackened auctioneer hooked two gnarled fingers into Mona Holman's dress and ripped it, exposing her to the group of Kuwaitis. Two salaulas held her arms. She struggled so hard a bra strap broke. The bidders moved closer to the block for a better look. Their fingers reached up and kneaded the flesh on her legs. She lashed out at the abas-clad figures. A prospective buyer grabbed her foot and ran his hand along the calf of her leg. His burnoose bobbed approvingly "Ten thousand rupees."

I came down hard on the zap. I had a tall order ahead of me. For a wild second or two I was sure I'd get Mona out. Then I saw Tafoddol reach for something under a pillow and I knew I'd bungled the mission.



I shouldered my way through the crowd. "She's not for sale!" The bid had already leaped to twenty thousand. I repeated my statement. The auctioneer nodded to someone and I saw four salauds converging on me. I plunged forward, digging my way hard. The auctioneer stared into my eyes.

"Tell your zaps to lay off."

He raised a hand. He knew when he was beaten. One shot would bring the cops. He couldn't have that. Not in Kuwait, where slavery is illegal.

I wasn't worried about the crowd behind me. They were Kuwaitis, Iranians, Baluchis and Arabs. Oil rich. They didn't want the kind of trouble that would cause them to lose face with their British protectors. "Hand her over."

The auctioneer snapped his fingers. The salauds let Mona go. She leaped off the block and clung to me. "Greg..."

"Shut up." We weren't out of it yet. I held Mona close to me and backed up. The crowd parted for us. But not willingly. They'd had a rare opportunity to buy a Westerner; I'd killed it. I saw their hands grip the hilts of their garas. Then I saw something that represented a greater danger and I started to sweat.

Standing head and shoulders above the others was Fahad bin Tafaddal, renegade sultan from Turkey. We'd crossed swords in Istanbul over drilling rights. Again in Marrakesh when his zaps tried to jump my company's claim. Now he was sneering at me—as though the situation would be under his control soon.

He was right.



Mona trembled in my arms. I kissed her, hoping I might erase the damage I'd done by telling her how lousy our chances were.

The handle of a pom-pom whip cracked my wrist, paralyzing it instantly. The gun fell. Two giants closed in. Mona screamed. She was wrenched from me. One of the giants picked her up and threw her over his shoulder. The other belted me with a hard right and then drove the whip handle into my gut. I swung a left that snapped his head back. I couldn't use my right. I drove my knee into his groin. I almost had him when the auctioneer's zaps swept in and finished what the giant had started. I went down.

The crowd scattered. With Mona screaming her head off it was too dangerous for anybody to stick around. I rolled over in the alley and spotted the fat Tafaddal waddling between his giants toward a white Cadillac parked on Feisal Street. Mona kicked her legs and kept screaming. I staggered after them, my head reeling. They were climbing into the car. I tried to yell for help, but couldn't manage it. I stumbled into the street just as the Caddy pulled away from the curb.

I looked for Public Security Officers, but didn't see any. The car turned at the Street of Pillars and headed south toward the Burgan Oil Field, a vast area of sheikhdoms and oil rigs laced with pipe lines to the Persian Gulf. Losing Mona in that region could mean weeks of travel and search. I didn't have weeks. I didn't even have days to play with. Not if I wanted to get her back to Pop Holman.

That would be tonight and every night until he tired of her and resumed the rotation with his other concubines.

MY jeep was no match for the Caddy. The white car was already out of Mena al Ahmadi and raising clouds of dust across a rolling, barren horizon. I slammed the gas pedal to the floor and kept it there. My head was clear now, but I was losing sight of the Caddy.

I thought about Pop Holman pacing my shack, his jaws clamped on a cigar, his face twisted with worry. "I've got sixty niggers out there who'll tear Mena al Ahmadi apart."

I had shaken my head. I reached into my desk drawer for the .38. His method would only rouse the rage of every sheikh, pasha and sultan in Kuwait, plus Public Security, plus the British and plus the officials of our own company.

My way was better. But I hadn't figured on anybody like Tafaddal being in the area.

Now, with the car out of sight, my only hope lay in following its tire tracks on the sandy *piste*. At dusk I was still on the trail. It was dark when I came to a *monkhafad*, a deep, sandy depression large enough to contain a walled stone building. Beyond it were ten or twelve oil wells. The Caddy's tire tracks ran down an incline, but disappeared in the darkness. I didn't have much time. Tafaddal would see to it that Mona became a bona-fide member of his harem.

I parked the jeep behind a dune and made my way down into the *monkhafad*. The gates were locked. The top of the wall was a few inches beyond my reach. I walked around it. At the rear of the stone palace I heard music—noodle flutes and stringed instruments. I searched for a foothold in the wall, found one and boosted myself up.

The activity on the other side held me spell-bound. Fahad bin Tafaddal rested on pillows. Three belly dancers performed while two female slaves prepared steaming dishes of rice and spicy sauce. The Boss Man smoked a bubble-bubble pipe. One of the giants strolled around carrying a scimitar. Four musicians played for the dancers. I raised myself as far as I dared, but I couldn't find Mona.





They opened up on us. A slug blew a tire. I fought for control of the jeep. The zaps closed in. I had one choice left.

Tafaddal tossed the pipe stem away and sat up as the dancers stripped off some of the gauzy material they wore. He shoveled rice into his mouth with two fingers. His eyes were glued to the gyrating bodies before him. The harem girls were almost naked now and taunting him with their undulating hips. He reached out suddenly and grabbed one. She squealed with delight as he pulled her down to the pillows. His hand raced over her olive-colored skin hungrily. She squirmed in his arms, offering herself to him, her eyes burning with hope, her lips lifted up, ready to take his.

But it didn't happen.

Something caught Tafaddal's attention. I watched this face. I saw it come undone as lust took hold. His jaw went slack. His eyes widened and then narrowed and his hand passed across his slobbering lips.

I followed his intense stare and saw Mona. Two slaves held her. She'd been prepared for Tafaddal—bathed, perfumed, her long blonde hair brushed out so that it hung to her shoulders.

SHE saw Tafaddal, saw the way he looked at her. Her eyes closed. A sob caught in her throat. She shuddered. The slaves urged her forward. She shook her head. She was crying now. She went down on her knees. The slaves picked her up. At that point, Tafaddal shoved the belly dancer away. She sprawled on the marble floor. Her teeth gnashed angrily, but she didn't dare defy the sultan's wish. She left with the other dancers.

Tafaddal clapped his hands. The musicians stopped playing and departed. The slaves who served him his rice took their enameled trays and left. He snapped his

fingers. The slaves holding Mona dragged her to him. He pulled her to the pillows. She fought him. His fingers sank into her hair. He snapped her head back and snatched his thick lips against hers while his free hand went over her body. Mona beat her fists against his face and shoulders. Her legs flailed helplessly. He was too big for her, too strong. He handled her as though she were a rag doll. I started up to the top of the wall.

Except for the big zap with the scimitar, they were alone. I'd never have a better chance.

Mona was weakening. She couldn't hold out much longer. The giant was almost directly under me. I leaped. The zap whirled. I saw his scimitar poised. My fist met his jaw. He swung the curved blade and its arc swept an inch above my head. I drove the side of my palm into his throat. My knee dug into his groin. I slammed a hard right into his face that propelled him backwards. He hit the wall and bounced off it. He didn't get up.

Tafaddal had rolled away from Mona and was groping for a weapon somewhere in the pillows. I leaped on him. My fists hammered away at his fat head. He tried to knock me off his round body. I pounded his face. His stubby fingers stretched for my throat. I kept belting him until his arms dropped. My final blow knocked him out.

I grabbed Mona and headed for the wall. I wrapped my arms around her legs and lifted her.

That was as far as we got.

A bullet chipped the wall next to my head. I spun. Two salauds stood with rifles. I eased Mona down. She saw them now.

(Continued on page 59)





BEWARE THE WILES OF THE

You've got a rude awakening coming if you think you'd like to step into their world of lust without love, promise without fulfillment and passion heavily laden with strange needs. The picture is not what it seems to be. In fact, it is a portrait of sheer horror.

By D.R. Graham

SHE'S fumbling with the knot of your tie. Her hand is under your T-shirt, caressing your chest. Her body heaves against yours, almost knocking you off your feet.

"Baby!" she whispers. "Baby! Baby! You're the most!"

Suddenly she breaks away from you. She tears at her own clothes. She almost rips her blouse when the buttons hold an instant too long. You rush to her assistance. At close range you see her ample breasts straining against the confining bra. Her flesh is warm and pliant to your touch.

Deliciously her hips wriggle in their canopia of passion as she works her skirt downward. She holds onto your shoulder and kicks free of the garment. Now her small teeth nibble at your ear. Beads of sweat gather along your flanks.

Her words pound in your ear, "Baby! Baby! You're the most!" All other sounds fade away in the night. Now there is only her rapid shallow breathing.

She clutches your hand. She leads you to the big Hollywood bed. Her thumbs snake under the waist band of her panties. You reach for the light switch.

You think you've never had it so good. You say to yourself, "Three hours ago I didn't even know her. I was a lonesome guy in a lonesome bar, just killing time. I never thought anything would come of it when I offered her a match."

"I thought maybe there was a bit of hope when she let me buy her a drink. But this? Hell, I can't even believe it's happening now. I must be a regular Don Juan. This is me, lover boy I can conquer any woman."

Forget it, Joe. You're nothing. All you've done is become a posy for a woman on the make. You're a shack up, a scalp to be hung out to dry, a name to be forgotten by morning. The girl beside you whispering breathless endearments couldn't care less about you. You are an instrumentality, a device, an engine, to relieve her neurotic needs.

This is the great curse of casual sex. Any woman who will plop into your bed three hours after meeting you, is a neurotic. Don't ever forget that.

She is incapable of thinking about anything but herself. Don't think it was a sheer accident that you found her in the bar. She was there because she was on the prowl. Don't think your manly physique or wonderful personality tore down her defenses. She didn't have any. Don't think you are the only guy in the world for her. There was somebody else last night. There will be somebody else tomorrow night.

Let's talk to Paula G. Paula is a 28-year-old secretary. She's been married and divorced. Now she plays the field. These are her words:

"You want me to be frank with you. If you can take it, I'm game. I've denied more pillows than I can remember. I've always been this way. I have some vague recollection of my first time. I was 14 or 15. It happened in the back seat of a car. It was a nasty experience, nothing at all like what I expected. But it didn't stop me."

"I don't think I'm a nymphomaniac. I mean I'm not sick about sex. I'm not compulsive. I use sex because it gets me what I want. What do I want? Well I guess I have to be admired. I have to feel powerful.

"I'm at my most powerful when I have a man seeking my favors. I say to myself I'm in complete charge. I can make him sweat blood. I can make him crawl. I can treat him like a trained animal."

"Sometimes I see myself as a lion tamer. I'm dressed in tight pants and boots. I carry a whip. I flick it in the faces of the lions. Only the big cats are different from any you've ever seen. They have the faces of men.

"I toy with them. I make them suffer. But then I tire of them quickly and replace them. I always want to replace them."

"Once I was with a man who was diseased. I caught the disease from him. That didn't stop me. I still went out to find other men. I knew that I could infect them. But it didn't matter to me. I still had my powers."

Paula is immature and selfish. Her attitudes towards sex are tinged by sadism-masochism. There are overtones of homosexuality in her personality. Yet to the men who fall under her spell, she appears the personification of feminine promise.

AVA M. is another case in point. Ava is 19. She has visions of being very rich and comfortable. "Sure I give myself to men," she brags. "Why shouldn't I? They want what I have. And I want what they have. To me all men are crud. But a rich crud can make you very comfortable. If I think a man is rich, I put out. I throw everything I have into it. Sometimes I listen to what I tell him and it almost makes me want to vomit."

"Still, this is a tough little old world. A girl has to take care of number one. So far I've gotten some pretty nice presents from the men I know. One of these days I'm going to get the whole boudoir; car, house, jewelry, servants, the works."

Sweet little Ava. Every-

(Continued on page 61)

SEXUALLY LOOSE WOMAN

She may make you feel now feel tall, but in another minute or two you'll wish you'd never met her. In a relationship with her kind of woman you can only come out a loser.



This lovely import
from Denmark is Greta
Anderson, who owns a
thriving dance school.





BEAUTY IS A DANE NAMED GRETA

The Danes say dancing with Groto is like dancing with an angel.











By Chuck McCarthy

HELPLESS BRIDES OF THE LASH IN THE STONE HELL

Here vile arrogance and slime-ridden greed combined in the
spawned vendetta against the beautiful and damned of the city.

LADY Eunice Chatterton delicately placed her lace handkerchief to her nose. Her damask brocade skirts raised above the muck of Newgate Street.

She swept past the gibbet which stood beside the Debtor's Door. The blackened face of the swinging corpse looked at her with sightless accusing eyes.

A momentary chill swept over the young woman. Her arrogant nose twitched slightly. She squinted through the thick fog. She could hear the rattling of carriages over the roughly cobblestoned streets. She knew that she was surrounded by her carefully selected guests. Yet she felt stripped and alone.

Suddenly a hand shot out. Its deformed fingers clutched at the expensive material of Lady Eunice's skirt.

"Alms," a phlegm-filled voice cracked. "Could m'lady

favor an old unfortunate with the sustenance of life? I be cold. I be sick. I be damned. Help me!"

The noblewoman's tiny foot shot out. A sharp painted heel ground against gristle bringing a sharp cry of protest from the mendicant.

"Be gone, wretch!" Lady Eunice hissed. "Or I'll see you are given something to warm you. I'll have your hide flayed off with a bull's puzzle."

The clutching fingers held a second and then fell away. The unseen face grimaced as the putrid hung gave forth a stream of turbidular matter.

Swiftly Lady Eunice dodged around the prostrate form. Now she knocked impetuously at the great door of the keeper's house.

A moment later, ■ bowed (Continued on page 64)



icy hands closed on Sarah. A chill swept through her tormented body. She saw fear in the visitors' eyes and knew no special passions — I brought them to this crypt.

Behind the thick veil of secrecy, these seemingly innocent groups have dedicated themselves to the promotion of sin in an atmosphere where each nubile member becomes high priestess of free love.

By J. L. WAYNE

A DANGEROUS subculture reaching epidemic proportions is spreading through our high schools and colleges. Its menace is a direct threat to every student in the country. We call it the school sorority or fraternity.

A more apt title would be "school of passion." Educators are learning that secret societies operating in their schools are concealing a lot more than membership rosters, secret oaths, passwords and initiation rites.

Recent campus scandals indicate beyond a doubt that Greek letter societies have become breeding grounds for wild sex orgies in which older "brothers" and "sisters" teach younger members sexual practices which can only be described as acts of perversion.

A case in point concerns the "underground" activities of a fraternity and a sorority in Illinois. A sheriff's office had received numerous reports of wild revues taking place in an abandoned barn on an average of three or four times a week. Police broke in and found more than 60 youngsters ranging in age from 13 to 20 "engaged in every conceivable form of sexual activity." Nearly all were members of secret societies. The raiding officers reported that the younger teenagers were watching and imitating what the older ones were doing.

A dilapidated farmhouse on the Meramec River near St. Louis was the scene of another orgy in which nearly 200 Greek letter youngsters participated. Guests had carried in their own beer, whiskey and wine. Maps showing the exact location of the farmhouse had been distributed among the fraternities and sororities involved. Authorities who kept the house under surveillance reported seeing couples engaged in drinking and sexual activity in the house, on the lawn and in parked cars. Police seized 44 students in the raid, but more than 100 escaped by leaping out of second story windows. Some of those who were caught admitted they were "learning about sex and life from their older 'brothers' and 'sisters'."

Similar activities are reported in Michigan, Iowa, Montana, Ohio, Tennessee and Arkansas. In nearly every case, authorities say the orgies are conducted either as part of a secret society's initiation rite or as an introduction to new members of the club's activities.

A year ago seven fraternity freshmen were "learning about sex and life" from an upperclass sorority student at a university cottage in New York. All were suspended. At the same university months later, more than 40 young men from two fraternities

were involved with one 17-year-old freshman coed. Incidents of a sexual nature occurred once in the fraternity house and once off campus. The scandal forced nine male students to drop out of school and started a sweeping investigation of on-and-off campus immorality. The campus newspaper reported: "Suspected organized sexual activity is currently being investigated by the dean's office." The district attorney said, "We're going to have a full investigation to determine if a criminal act was involved. The girl was not hurt physically, but I can't swear for her mental condition." The coed also quit school.

Sex isn't the only thing being taught by Greek letter teenagers. Professor Joseph H. Gusfield, a sociologist at the University of Illinois, calls fraternities and sororities "a teaching mechanism for drinking." His survey of 120 fraternity men showed that 60 per cent were "high users" of alcoholic beverages.

Findings of the famous Cornell Values Study showed that the student most likely to cheat was the fraternity member because of a general "depreciation of academic values."

Said one fraternity man: "We don't pride ourselves on having greasy grinds in our house. There are three things we try to teach our men to handle: liquor, women and courses."

AS for the secret societies operating in schools, Professor Jerome Ellison of Indiana University had this to say:

"Some things about our mass higher-education seems basically immoral I am not here referring to the sexual aspect of morality. The thing that concerns me is an intellectual immorality—the encroachment of irrelevancies which together make up a 'Second Curriculum' that often takes precedence of the first."

"The plain fact is that the system has outlived its usefulness. Besides providing the prime breeding grounds of the 'minimum effort' attitude—they consume quantities of time, effort, money and emotional stress."

Recently, a study of 20 colleges in 17 states was conducted by Dr. Edward D. Eddy, Jr., vice president of the University of New Hampshire. He concluded that sororities and fraternities "had become a drag on the educational process," and that, at their worst, "had become islands of anti-intellectualism with the waves of true learning only lapping at the shores."

William B. Carlson, president of the State University of New York,

(Continued on page 50)

TEEN AGE SORORITIES-



shameless, love-making in public, is only one
of the many problems educators face in the
modern trend toward secret societies in schools.
Too often, teenage social clubs are merely
fronts for secret sex and drinking orgies.

SCHOOLS OF PASSION

THE LUST ESCAPE OF COLORADO'S INCENDIARY BLONDE

The smoldering wanton burst
into a lust fire so hot it
melted the jail house bars.

By Dean W. Ballenger

ALL Katie Haston could think of was busting out of the Territorial Jail and, somehow, making Ben Foxworthy—the banker at Haynes—confess that he'd murdered her husband and framed her into jail so he could gloom onto their little spread—the only one in the Kiowa valley with a natural waterhole.

But the jail—it was old Fort Tate—was practically escape proof. The guards on each of its stone walls covered the jail's activities, and the area outside, with Gatling guns—the crank-operated ancestors of machine guns.

Even if a prisoner could survive these guns he wouldn't have much more chance than a snowball in hell of completing his bust-out. The jail was on the crest of a 200-foot gorge. If an escapee could weasel down its granite wall he'd have to swim the swirling Arkansas river. And across the river, and every other direction, were 80 miles of the blistering, treeless San Jose flats.

But Katie had brains and good looks and she could love a man 'till the cows came home, a combination that added up to a scheme she hoped would get her out of Tate.

"How'd you like a little lovin'?" she said to tobacco chewing Jeff McClelland, the night guard in the women's part of the prison, when he came to her cell for the 8 p.m. head count.

McClelland chuckled before he said, "You women are all alike . . . tryin' to get (Continued on page 68)





The bug-eyed guard didn't know it, but Kotie was only using her charms on him to reach a critter who'd pay for what he'd done to her.

**DO YOU
BE A**



DARE TO HE-MAN SEXUALLY?

How do you stack up in the masculinity derby? You may think you know all the answers. But here are some surprises.

By E. L. BOWERS

RECENTLY a nationally known woman doctor of psychology shook up a late night television show when she proved conclusively that its top headliners had distinctly feminine sides to their personalities.

Perhaps the most shocking (to the viewer) demonstration of her reasoning is that the men (one had amassed a tremendous war record as a combat pilot) would have indeed been somewhat queer if it weren't for the "womanly" approach to certain stimuli.

The people who are charged with knowing such things call the mixture of masculine and feminine traits "balance." Without it, the chances are good you'd be tabbed a complete neurotic.

However few men will admit it's manly to be feminine. Talk about it to them and they conjure up the mental image of the "limp wrist swish." "Hell!" they roar. "I'm a man's man. I'm rough! I'm tough!"

They imagine themselves as a two-fisted James Bond. Their Walter Mitty dreams include beating the hell out of their enemies, loving naked millions of over-willing females to distraction, surmounting all of the terrors of modern day living and jumping from bed to bed.

There is a veritable cult of would be super men in this country. Just look at the collection of

modern pop heroes we've developed. In addition to 007 (incidentally he has even had a man's deodorant named after him) we have a resurgence of the flowing caped comic tyro called Batman who's spreading gore all over the boob tube. There's Jason McCord who every week beats in the villain's head to prove that he's been "Branded" with a coward's shame, but is as gutsy a hero as the world has ever seen. There's the "Man From UNCLE" who tangles with an assortment of super-villains. And there are literally thousands of others racing through our paper backs, television programs and other mass media.

The rash of popularity for the grim faced, unrelenting stony character has its roots deep in the psychology of the Sixties.

We talked to a director of a boy's camp recently. He said, "It's almost pathetic. We see him every visiting day. The fathers come up here. They have perfectly nice kids—kids who are good in arts and crafts, kids who are intelligent, neat, industrious. But that's not what they want. They beg us to make every boy another Paul Hornung, another Jim McDivitt.

"I look at the fathers and what do I see? Basically nice, decent, industrious, sensitive men who have done well as accountants, physicians, engineers. Yet they are ashamed of themselves. They feel they aren't masculine enough. Now wouldn't this be a hell of a world if we grew only top athletes?"

The mass terror concerning masculinity shows up everywhere. A nationally syndicated advice columnist received a letter from a mother who was completely upset concerning her husband's attitudes.

Wrote the woman, "He tries to be a good father. But I'm worried over

(Continued on page 48)

SOFT BLONDE

Chi turned the captured city into a pagoda of lust where a lovely girl's shrieks of agony drowned out the tolling of the temple bells.

By ILONYA GORKY as told to JIM McDONALD

TO one who has spent a decade or more covering the Far East, the bizarre has become commonplace. Insensitive cruelty is a matter of daily routine. One reaches the point where he considers himself shock proof. Then a story comes along which is so strange and bestial that it staggers the imagination.

This is one such story. In re-telling it, I have done very little editing. Most of it is taken verbatim from the tape recording I made.

The subject of this series of interviews was Ilyonya Gorky. At the time of the writings she was 25 years old. Miss Gorky was employed in an international cafe in Hong Kong as a combination hostess and peanut. I met her in 1950 shortly after the outbreak of the Korean War.

Miss Gorky became a close friend. She was quite concerned over the fact that I was about to leave for Pusan, Korea. I believe the fact that I might come face to face with the Chinese Communists impelled her to reveal secrets to me that she had sworn to herself to keep locked in her own memory. I now present her story as I heard it.

There is a story of a wealthy merchant who saw Death in the market place of Baghdad. The sight of the spectre so terrified him that he sold out his business and immediately took off for Sumatra. When Death was informed of the merchant's panic-inspired exodus from Baghdad, he smiled in wonderment and said, "Why, I was not supposed to meet that merchant here. I have an appointment with him in Sumatra."

That story could well have been the history of my family.

For us it started in 1917 — eight years before I was born. My father had been in the service of the Grand Duke Alexis. When the Bolsheviks wrested control of the government from the moderate Kerensky, they began a series of blood pogroms. Most people do not realize the cruelty displayed by the Bolsheviks. It was not simply a case of standing their victims up against the wall and shooting them down.

The Reds had other ways to kill. There was the knout. Fifty strokes of the whip would flay the hide off a woman's back and leave her a pulsating glob of gore. They found uses for powdered glass which cannot be repeated in the interests of delicacy.

Those who survived the first onslaught of the Reds moved heaven and earth to flee over the borders to safety. The lucky ones headed west. There they lived dissolute lives as White Russian Noblemen. They pitied themselves for having to take on what they considered servile duties as waiters and doormen and chambermaids.

However there was a small group of White Russians — my family included — who headed east into Manchuria. They set up their expatriate home in Harbin, some 2,300 miles west of Hong Kong. It was here that my sister and I were born.

The life was harsh at first. But the colony of White Russians was so thankful to be away from the dreaded Red assassins that they did not complain. At least here, they would be able to raise their families in relative safety — or so they thought.

But they had failed to reckon with the abiding cruelty of the Oriental temperament. When I was less than five years old, I was made to look on as a group of Chinese bandits beheaded my father in the streets of Harbin and then took turns raping my mother to death. Somehow my time to die had not arrived. I remember taking my little sister by the hand and walking away from the terrible scene.

If I close my eyes now, I can see my mother lying naked on the street, her legs spread wide, one arm thrown over her face as if to shield her from the sight of her leering Chinese attackers.

I still see my father's severed head being kicked back and forth between the bandits like a grotesque soccer ball.

For some reason I will never be able to understand, the bandits allowed my little sister and I to escape. Perhaps there was some shred of decency in them which said that children were different from adults.

In time Chang Kai Shek came to power and waged war against the Manchurian bandits. I can't count the number of instances where I attended public executions. I would see the offender lying on the street, bound hand and foot while a government soldier stood over him with a huge sword. There would be the sudden whoosh of air and the spurting of blood from the

(Continued on page 34)

TARGETS FOR THE REDS' BAYONETING BUTCHERS

We were glad to show dynamics. Tempo continued as the Mongolian brought his bayonet to her quivering flesh. She had enjoyed this particular form of savagery, and we would both experience its agony.



WILL YOU DRIVE BACK ALLEY

Don't blame her or the guy
who's beating your time.
She hasn't failed you. But
you've let her down in ways
she'll never mention. Here
is the sorry box score of
how you're losing her love.

THE MAN was coarse, harsh spoken, almost brutal. The woman was soft, feminine, well turned out. In the slanted rays of the afternoon sun which filtered through the venetian blinds, they made an unlikely looking couple.

"Hurry it up! I've got to get a move on," the man growled.

From under the muffled folds of her skirt which was now bunched around her head, the woman replied, "Darling, I'm getting ready as fast as possible."

She could imagine his eyes studying the contours of her body which were now screened from him only by the sheerest of nylon bra and brief skin tight nylon panties. The thought made her blush, but it also filled her with a sensation of exhilaration.

Quickly now, she tossed her dress over the back

of a chair. She had taken two steps towards the man when he seized her in rough, demanding hands. His fingers pinched and probed her flesh.

"Be a doll and unhook me!" the woman pleaded. She listened in growing ecstasy as the last of her clothing rustled from her body.

Now the mattress caught at the backs of her naked knees. Now she felt the rough fabric of the bed spread against the satiny smoothness of her skin. Now she experienced the surging power of his masculinity closing in on her.

She whimpered deep in her throat. She closed her eyes. For a fleeting instant she imagined she saw Henry's face frowning in disapproval before her. Then the closeness of her lover made her forget Henry, forget the children, forget everything but the terrible need of the moment.

Later they dressed side by side in silence. The distiller's sales representative and the suburban matron didn't have much to talk about. They didn't have much other than their bedroom gyrations in common.

He drove her back to the shopping center parking lot where she had left her car. As she slid out the door, she looked back. Something which was a mixture of fear and dread shone from her eyes.

"Will I see you next Wednesday?" the woman asked.

"I imagine so. If something comes up, I'll call you at the . . ." He mentioned a cocktail lounge which was neatly tucked away from prying eyes.

For long minutes after he had disappeared into the main flow of homeward bound traffic, the woman sat behind the wheel of her own car. The terrible guilt crowded in on her.

She used words that no woman should know to castigate herself. She felt the cold sweat racing from her armpits down her sides. It was difficult for her to breathe.

"What if I had been caught?" she almost sobbed. Then, setting her pert (Continued on Page 40)

YOUR WIFE TO SIN?

BY R. L. BOWERS



She could be your wife, making love to film and brazenly exhibiting herself. But before you condemn her, re-examine your attitudes. You may find you're to blame.

EXPOSED

SUBURBAN LUST CULTS

HOW THEY OPERATE

These are the techniques of men and women who join into the new world of the bizarre.

By CHARLES BEACH

IN December, 1965 residents of Forest Hill, a suburb of Newark, New Jersey, were shocked by the disclosure that in their fashionable section there existed a cult devoted to perverted exercises in pain and pleasure.

Undoubtedly, residents elsewhere were equally as shocked, not only by the fact that a sadomasochist cult had been exposed in an exclusive community, but that it had operated for months undetected.

The question that arose in the minds of many was: Do those cults, and those of a similar nature, exist in other communities?

The answer is an unqualified yes.

Listen to what the experts have to say:

On wife-swapping cults: This practice was supposed to have died in the Fifties. But recent studies made by the Psychoanalytical Assistance Foundation Survey of American Housewives indicate that an estimated 640,000 couples have engaged in mate-swapping orgies since the beginning of the 1960's.

Psychiatrists agree that nearly every community in the country has at least one "hot street" where couples are switching partners.

W. D. Sprague, Ph.D., wrote in *Sexual Behavior of the American Housewife*: "There are few communities in the United States which have not had their share of whispered rumors about groups and clubs of local married couples who engage in wife-and-husband-swapping orgies."

On cults that worship lust: Max Lerner wrote in his book, *The Moral Interregnum*: "But the great change that has occurred is outside prostitution, in the availability of men and women alike for sexual adventure. The files of marriage counselors and of psychiatrists and psychologists are crammed with

material about sexual episodes hidden in the shadows of the lives of outwardly conventional people of every class and ethnic and religious group . . . there is considerable spread through all classes, although Arthur Hirsch is probably right in calling attention to its concentration among the 'upper-cultured' — that is to say, the college-trained groups. It is part of the folklore of America that the greatest release from restraint is to be found in the Hollywood colony — as witness a novel like Norman Mailer's *Deer Park*. Yet there are other segments of American life where sexuality is more privately conducted and is incorporated into the busy lives of hard working executives and professional groups, without the white glare of publicity that focuses on Hollywood."

On "Discipline" Sex Cults: Newark's case was not unique. Police in 37 states have reported the existence of such organizations. The Psychoanalytical Assistance Foundation has shown that those who favor sadomasochist behavior are not as rare as we would like to believe. Its survey of 5,000 women revealed that fully 18.8 per cent felt that their sexual pleasure was heightened by pain sensations ranging from bites, scratches and pinches to slaps, pummeling and being beaten with hands, fists, whips and straps during intercourse.

In his book, *The Velvet Underground*, Michael Leigh describes what goes on in suburban homes of "Discipline" Sex Cultists during periods between meetings:

"(She) thrashes her husband twice a week and, according to other letters printed, other wives thrash their husbands considerably more than that. In addition, these husbands are forced to wear, when in their homes, articles of women's clothing, such as garter belts, hose and panties, as well as dresses. Their wives draw up house rules by which they must live, and minor infractions are met with blows in the face, while major violations mean a trip to the basement or to the bedroom, where the male prepares himself for discipline by removing his clothing and by laying out the whips and straps his spouse will employ on his flinching body. First, however, he must wait upon her pleasure. This wait before the infliction of punishment is as important as the punishment itself.

(Continued on page 30)



She is a suburban lust cultist. She will permit any kind of aberration among her members, will often select a partner herself to stimulate others to play her wild "games."

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**48 GALLS
ON PARADE**

(Continued from page 6.)

where it hurts. Dennis A. Brown, assistant director of the garden's horticulture and maintenance section, said the plant is commonly known as the mother-in-law plant.

A CUSTOMER AT A NEW self-service gas station in Pomeroy, Idaho, proved the hard way that you can't take it with you. The motorist stopped at the station on Route 1 and filled it up himself. But he forgot to remove the nozzle of the hose from the gas tank. The hose broke. The pump toppled over and burst into flames—along with his brand-new car.

IT WAS THE MOST TRUTHFUL ALIBI the judge said he'd heard in his 14 years on the bench. When the juror asked: Why did you do it?" the 28-year-old defendant, a meat packer, looked the justice squarely in the eye. His explanation for stealing a taxicab: "I just got tired of waiting around in the rain for the driver to finish his supper."

"FOUR SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING MEN are loitering in the neighborhood," Second after police received this call from a Chicago real estate broker, they rushed into the Stony Lane area and found their culprits. They were all police undercover agents who had been staked out trying to bag "four suspicious-looking men loitering in the area."

IN THE MARKET FOR a palace? There's one that floats and is for sale in London. More accurately, it's a floating gin palace and the seller is asking \$12,000,000 for it. Recently modified, it includes gold-plated beds, silver lined floors, jaded ceilings and marble lavatories.

THE TOWN OF FABRIANO, ITALY, is all for love and marriage. But, according to the town fathers, they won't allow one without the other. Here, necking is allowed only indoors. If you have ideas about necking with your girl in a parked auto, you'd better make sure the windows are covered with black curtains. That's the only way it's allowed. There's a stiff fine, even imprisonment for violators — unless they can prove they're married, or engaged.

BACK ALLEY SIN

(Continued from page 13.)

little chin at a former angle, she answered her own question. "But I wasn't caught. Damn you, Henry, why don't you catch me?"

Nobody can say how many times this scene is repeated in suburbia in the course of one week. Yet there are good and easily understandable reasons why it happens. And they don't add up to the fact that Henry's wife was merely an over-sized slut. She took no joy out of her parking lot capers. They left her almost physically ill. But not ill enough so that she will call off her extracurricular sex junket with the distiller's representative.

One thing psychologists tell us is that when a woman cheats on her husband, subconsciously she is hoping he will discover her infidelity.

S AID one expert on marriages gone awry, "The cheating wife is a great deal like the young over-endowed delinquent. Both feel emotionally bereft. They think that by committing some terrible act, they will at least gain the attention of the injured party. If he discovers what they have done, he will be forced to punish them for their transgressions."

Another expert adds, "Before a wife or husband begins cheating, he or she leaves any number of warning signals around. The perceptive mate would be in a position to head off disaster if he would only take the proper measures before the irrevocable act has been committed."

In Henry's wife's case, her tired dispirited voice when he called from

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him for the fact that I am playing the motel matinee circuit. It's like he beat me into white slavery with a cat of nine tails. I don't know where it will all wind up, but I'm sure our situation is extremely dangerous."

Here we have another instance of a basically decent man driving his wife into clandestine situations which destroy her self respect. His problem poses no easy solution. Yet it demands the strength to take direct action. If Carl's home is to survive, he must put it in order by reversing the positions of the two women in his life. He must take seriously the Biblical instruction to leave his parents' hearth and cleave unto himself a wife.

Evelyn's husband earns a very fine living. He never lets her forget it. "I pay the bills around here. I

am the boss. I have rights. When I want sex, you make sure you're ready to put out for me. That's what a wife is for."

On one occasion when Evelyn had bought him a present which was received with less than enthusiasm, an argument ensued. In his rage, her husband spat out, "What the hell do you mean. I don't appreciate the lousy cuff links? Why should I? You spent my money on them, didn't you?"

EVELYN is buying cuff links now for a weak-jawed gigolo who sumpers just enough to make her feel appreciated.

"For the first time, I find I'm enjoying sex," she says. "For the first time, I feel that my own wants and sensibilities are being taken into consideration. Even though, I'm paying for the privilege. I've received an ego-booster shot in the arm."

"Do you know what it is to a woman when her sex mate is gentle with her? How glorious it is when he doesn't practically rip her clothes off and rape her, because it is his right to do so? I'm cheating like crazy. Frankly I no longer care about getting caught. Maybe if my husband got me with the goods, he'd throw me out. I could start over fresh then and save something of my life. Ask me why I don't walk out now, I'll tell you. I'm not sure. I guess I haven't the courage to make the break. But deep down, I want to get back at my husband. I want to hurt him the way he hurts me. I'm doing it by spending his money on my motel Romeo."

There are no statistics to indicate just how many couples are begging to "be caught with the goods." The number of unhappy marriages in the United States runs in the millions, if we take the annual divorce rate of better than 400,000 as an indicator.

In many of these marriages, the wife has found sexual activity outside of her home. In some situations, her own weaknesses have caused her to stray. But in the great majority, the bungling, cold, indifferent, uncommunicative or crude husband has shown her the way.

It is time for you to do some stern soul-searching. Perhaps your wife has already begun leaving the deadly clues around. Ask yourself these questions. If your answer is yes to any of them, you may be in for serious trouble.

1. Have you become so immersed in your career that you have neither time nor energy for love relations with your wife?

READ "GET THE MONSTER WHO RAPED 20 WOMEN"

GIRL RAIT BY SEX-STARVED ESCAPED CONS **CRIME DETECTIVE**

ALICE CRIMMINS—
THE COUNTRY GIRL
OF THE BRAUTIGAM REDHEAD

THE BRAUTIGAM
BLONDES
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THE BRAUTIGAM TEENAGE BRIDE
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LOVERS' LAIR

EXAMINE 10 DAYS TEXAS MURDER KILLER

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AUGUST 20TH**

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The initial investment in a Merlite Presto Shine Dealer-ship is so modest, and the earnings you can make are so surprisingly high, that it's possible for you to earn back your initial investment in as little as 2 to 4 weeks! How many other business opportunities permit you to recoup so quickly?

Imagine! You Offer a Genuine **SIMONIZ PASTE WAX JOB** FOR ONLY **\$5.95**

When you're a Merlite Presto Shine Dealer, the equipment which we supply you and the system which we teach you, enable you to clean, wax and polish a car with genuine Simoniz Paste Wax in as little as 20 minutes! You charge only \$5.95 for this genuine Simoniz wax job—about $\frac{1}{4}$ the usual professional charge. Yet you make up to \$5.75 gross profit on every car! Weekly gross profit up to \$500.00 and more is possible—as much as \$25,000-\$30,000 in a year!

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You get authorized use of patented HM Polishing Machine (U.S. Patent No. 2,967,315), which amazingly duplicates the motion of the human hand, enables you to start with a dirty car and bring it to a lustrous, gleaming, protected Simoniz Wax finish within as little as 20 minutes!

2. PERSONAL TRAINING IN YOUR AREA WITHOUT A PENNY OF RISK!

Even before you decide to become a Merlite Presto Shine Dealer, we will send one of our skilled Instructors to train you in the use of the HM Polishing Machine and the astonishing Merlite Presto Shine speed method. So easy, even a child can do it, after a little training! After your personal instruction, if you decide not to become a Merlite Presto Shine Dealer, you're not out a penny! You take no risk!

3. PRACTICALLY NO OVERHEAD . . . YOU CAN WORK FROM YOUR HOME.

The HM Polishing Machine operates on ordinary house current, so you can do all the work right at your home, if you wish, and save overhead expenses. Supplies and materials cost you about 20¢ per car, so your gross profit on a \$5.95 Simoniz Wax job is approximately \$5.75!

4. START IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

Many of our most successful Merlite Presto Shine Dealers held on to their full-time jobs, started out on spare time— evenings and weekends. Then, when they saw how much more money per hour they were making with Merlite Presto Shine, they went into full-time business of their own, and stopped punching the timeclock. You can do it, too!

5. TREMENDOUS DEMAND EVERYWHERE.

Your astounding low \$5.95 price draws a steady stream of motorist-customers. You also get big commercial accounts—new and used car dealers, fleet operators such as taxicabs, rent-a-cars, etc., plus service stations, garages and car washes. You need never run out of customers!

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4 EAST 46TH ST., DEPT. RMG-11 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



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Perry Dran of Illinois: "Within 13 days of getting started, profits from the business paid for the initial investment—and that includes my TV and radio advertising. Since then I have been averaging between \$1,000 and \$1,200 a week! Because I cannot handle the business myself, I now have 3 employees who work full time."

Peter J. Strickland of New York State: "Yesterday I did \$600 in a 1-year-old car. I hope this is a record, beginning in this area, because it was accomplished with ease and resulted in a great sense of satisfaction when I saw the trailer glistening. You can imagine the dirt, grime and film that had accumulated in one year. Now I would like to get 3 more machines."

Edward L. Berman of Rhode Island: "At the present time I am averaging over 150 cars a week at just one location. Since this represents business for November, which theoretically is not the best waxing season, I expect to do twice that amount by Spring."

Pedro Ramirez of Puerto Rico: "As a Merlite Presto Shine Dealer I do Simoniz wax jobs on aircraft on a contract basis. Already I have steady business contracts totaling \$500.00 a month. Recently a domestic airline signed a contract for me to do their 12-passenger Beechcrafts at \$75.00 per plane per month, and the plane takes me only 3 hours to do."

Steven Schorr of Long Island, N.Y.: "I am 15 years old and in senior high school. My dad will let me do only 10 cars on a weekend, although I could do a lot more if I didn't have to do homework. Even so, I make about \$50.00 a weekend, which will go to my college education. This summer I've lined up 8 beach clubs, and 2 of my friends to do the work for me."

Merlite Presto Shine Corp., Dept. RMG-11
4 East 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10017

Rush me complete Prospectus of my opportunity to make big profits in a business of my own as a Merlite Presto Shine Dealer. Everything comes to me by mail, pre-paid, absolutely FREE, and entirely without obligation.

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Hollywood 69, Calif.

3. Do you fail to take her into your confidence about significant events in your life?

4. Do you suffer severe and prolonged fits of depression when you meet obstacles or disappointments on your job?

5. Have you allowed other female relatives such as your mother or sisters to supersede your wife?

6. And in relationships with your family, do you fail to give your wife the support she needs?

7. Do you demand sex from your wife because it is your right?

8. And do you disregard a woman's need for tenderness and understanding in the marital act?

9. Have you made your wife feel as if she is totally dependent upon you for her welfare and must cater to you at all times as a result of this fact?

10. Have you allowed the romance which first brought you and your wife together to die?

11. Have you failed to offer her stimulation in the belief married people should fall into comfortable rut and remain happily that way?

END

LOOSE WOMAN

(Continued from page 15)

body's dream girl. Behind the velvet caresses lie the jaws of a vicious man trap. Ava's morals are loose but her clutch will strangle a man.

Mavis S. has compulsive drives. She delights in shocking people. Her conversation is liberally sprinkled with four-letter words.

Says Mavis, "Kiddies, I'm going to get it tonight."

Ask Mavis whom she will copulate with and she'll answer, "Honey, I don't know. I haven't met him yet. But I'm still going to get it tonight."

Mavis actually resents her status as a woman. By becoming the aggressor in sexual matters she lives a fantasy of having reversed sexual roles. She reviles her casual mates with vile language. Like a Cheyenne woman she blisters their ears over their lack of physical endowment, their techniques, their staying power. Sex to her is an ugly game, played by one at the expense of another.

"I don't know why, but I just have to be nasty," she says. "I've got this thing in me that has to come out. I have to make fools out of my lovers. I have to degrade them. Sometimes I try to hold my nastiness in check. But it comes through."

If you were to meet Mavis, she would sucker you. You would probably share her bed. It could be a nerve-jarring experience.

You'd never think to look at Blanche that she is a classic nymphomaniac. She is sweet, demure, almost shy. Perhaps you might notice the intensity of her eyes. Or the tensing of her muscles on the most casual touch. It might come through in the hyper-agitation she shows.

Her need for you is morbid. It has nothing to do with sentiment. Nor can you hope to build a relationship based on love, understanding and mutualism. Much as you may cater to her drives, you will never be able to satisfy them.

BLANCHE is a sexually promiscuous woman. She is powerless to control herself. She trods a twisted path from affair to affair. She lives in hopes of fulfilling herself. She dreams of a release from her malady. Perhaps the next man will bring climax, well-being and love.

In a way Blanche will remain the eternal wanderer. No matter how fervent you are. No matter how girls you consider yourself, you will not be the last man in her life.

Unfortunately for you, you will not be able to adapt to her promiscuity. Because Blanche finds it necessary to cohabit with other men, you will become jealous. No relationship between man and woman can survive the rigors of true jealousy. In a matter of time the association must be destroyed.

You cannot cope with Blanche because her sexuality is weak. Her emotions are infantile. She seeks love without loving in return. Every man at one time or another dreams of having an affair with an over-sexed woman. He works under the misconception that nymphomaniacs are over-sized. Tragically he becomes a wayside stop on her road to self-destruction.

Compare the perils represented by Paula, Ava, Mavis and Blanche to the promise of a truly high sexed woman such as Helen. Let's let Helen speak for herself.

"I won't go to bed with just any man. I have to have a very special feeling. I have to give rather than demand. I can't be happy myself unless I know that I am making him happy."

"To me sex is no different than any other part of living. If you have a genuine attachment for people you want to bring them joy. That's what gives dimension and purpose to your own life."

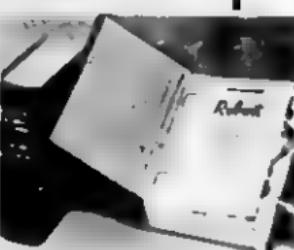
"You want them to be able to count



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Simply join the NATIONWIDE WHOLESALERS CLUB! As a CLUB MEMBER, Nationwide Wholesalers will show you thrilling savings on the car you want right away at real discount prices. The recent Supreme Court Decision allows us to sell cars at these prices. Now, every CLUB MEMBER can benefit. Buy for yourself and save... or make big money by selling to your friends and acquaintances!

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JOIN NOW! HERE'S HOW EASY IT IS ...

It's so easy! A full year's membership in the Nationwide Wholesalers Club is only \$3. You are under no obligation to buy when you join... now or ever. There are no penalties or other charges to pay. But, I will be mighty hard not to buy once you discover the wonderful world of wholesale buying.

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on you I loved one or two men before I got married I wasn't a prude. I didn't think sex was shameful. Having a man touch me didn't send me off to interview a psychiatrist.

"But these weren't men I met casually. I didn't go running off to motels with them on the spur of the moment. There was time for beauty, for romance, for idealism in our association. Everything wasn't reduced to 'Wham! Bam! Thank you m'am!'

"When I did get married, I listened to the vows I spoke. I wanted my husband to take me in the way of a virile man. I responded to him so that he had no doubt concerning my love. Together we experimented. If he suggested certain ways of doing things, I tried them. I was never too tired. I never had a headache. I was never in the wrong mood."

"Together we have grown. Sex is a big and important part of our life. But it isn't all of it. We build our mutual sexuality in little ways. They all add up to mutual respect.

'My husband is sure of himself because he is sure of me. He knows I will not wander away for the sake of a quickie adventure.'

"We've been married ten years and every day is better than the last one. We don't get bored with each other because we have blended our personalities, our physical offerings, our love into one common being."

"Together we have created new life.

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A plan for everyone. STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.
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The logo for United Security Corporation consists of a stylized house icon on the left, which includes a roof, a chimney, and a door. To the right of the icon, the words "UNITED SECURITY" are written in a bold, sans-serif font, with "CORPORATION" in a smaller font below it.

PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS

— ALL PAY B.L.T.
SEND NO MONEY! Just PAY B.L.T. nothing more and we
will pay you \$100.00 plus C.O.D. postage
Or send me \$1.00 with order and I will pay you
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We are guiding that new life in the right path. This had brought us even closer.

'Does this sound polyanna? It isn't really. I still almost explode with the thrill of undressing before my man. I become choked with emotion at the delight of his caress upon my naked person.'

"And afterwards, I look at him as he sleeps contentedly by my side. I reach out for him, stroking his chest so gently that he never stirs. I say to myself, you are a lucky woman."

"How does my husband feel? Well I don't have to worry about his wandering. What can any of those mixed up, sexually short circuited women do for him that he can't do much better at home? Which one of them will think of his welfare and gain their happiness from providing for it? We have a good life and he knows it."

Perhaps you enjoy the wild freaks of the one night stand. But recognize it for what it is. Remember that you are merely an object to bring a very temporary relief to a woman whose neurosis will not allow her to think of you as a human being—a man to be loved honestly and respected for what he is. END

more masculine than the celibate husband.

We equate promiscuity with the super-id. The guy with a lot of sex in him is the world's great lover. He keeps a tote board of his conquests. How superior he is to the shnook who goes home to his wife every night!

It just isn't so. The philanderer has the weakest sex drives of them all. He's on the low end of the totem pole when it comes to fudging manliness.

The quickly ~~bright~~ set of male
dark up is never rewarding for
either party. It is carried out in a
spirit of fear and guilt. There is
the fear of discovery and the guilt
of betrayal. No relationship
between man and woman which has
power passes as it only
duration can endure.

Cornelia Otis Skinner showed this in her entertaining and informative book, *Great Wits And Grand Schemers*. She speaks with some pride of the promises which marked the Paris of the turn of the century.

Miss Skinner points out that the most influential Frenchmen had the women of the "demimonde" as their wives. The elegants' habits were wined, dined, bejeweled and slept with by their "protecteurs" just so long as the affair publicly made known to a wife. However were the wife in a position where she was able to acknowledge her husband's rampant bedroom habit, up went marriage in a blaze of recriminations.

So that even in that period of open licentiousness the French husband had to run scared concerning the possibility of losing everything while lying naked in the arms of a high classed prostitute

There were any number of men who envied the French their moments of glory and passion. But all was not milk and honey and many a perfumed entente turned into the bitter odor of vinegar.

The same is true today. The husband who plays courts sudden disaster. The courts society and even his fellow men deal harshly with the malefactor when the whistle blows. If you don't believe it, take a look at the alimony situation in the United States. It proves conclusively that three can't live sexually as cheaply as two.

And the big point here is that the husband who wanders to show his manhood, is really the victim of his lack of masculinity.

In their book, *The Wandering*

Husband, Dr. Hyman Spotsatz and Lucy Freeman comment:

"Men think of as 'masculine' either the Don Juan whose supposed manliness is measured by the number of women he seduces and then abandons, or the brutal caveman who clubs his woman and drags her to his lair, where sexual intimacy resembles the act of rape."

"Neither of these ideals is truly 'masculine.' A man, in the full sense of the word, holds respect and affection for the woman he loves. He treats her with dignity and kindness. When he makes love he's tender as well as sensual. He will remain faithful to her. This is a man."

Unfortunately too many men use sex as a means of bolstering their faltering ego. Witness the middle-aged Lothario who breaks away from heart for the naked charms of a girl young enough to be his daughter.

All reason will tell him that no young girl ever fell in love with a poor old man. But his terror over his "waning" sexual powers destroys reason. He couldn't care less about the girl's motives. She will accept his love making. That's his only consideration.

THE prototype of the "masculine"

Don Juan usually shows vast personality weaknesses of which bed-hopping is only one. He is probably a heavier than normal drinker. He has not progressed as far in his career as he would have liked to. He is inordinately selfish in all of his pursuits. His sex techniques being only studied response from his partner rather than the electrifying abandon which marks the mutually satisfactory experience.

Dr. Rose Franzblau has stated that the philandering husband has a psychological need to be "caught with the goods." She contends that he hopes that his wife like an ever-loving mother will find and forgive him. He wants her to reassess her love and regard for him.

Such an attitude is best compared to that of the juvenile who steals cookies from the jar in order to bring attention to himself.

So we've seen that 007 may be a hell of a guy, but he's missing the boat on masculinity. Brutality and philandering are the greatest denial of sexual manhood. The question remains, how much courage do you have? Do you dare to be a he man sexually? Answer the following questions. They may prove that you are more of a man than you ever dreamed you were.

1 Are you warm and affectionate with children?

2. In your relations with your wife do you consider her feelings?

3. If you find that certain sexual practices which gratify you bring a lack of response from your wife are you willing to abandon them?

4. Are you able to refrain from imposing sexual activity upon your wife at such times as she is not in the proper mood for it?

5. Have you been able to progress to your satisfaction in your career?

6. Are you temperate in your use of alcohol?

7. Have you avoided becoming

involved in extra-curricular sexual affairs?

8. Do you look with pride on all aspects of your family life?

9. Do you lend a sense of stability and responsibility to your family?

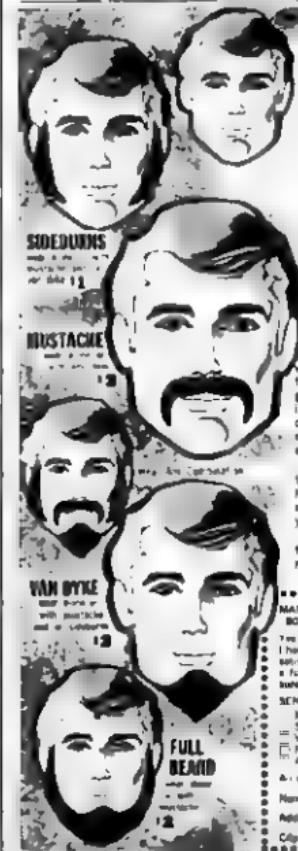
10. If you have a son, do you find him modeling himself after you and reflecting your ideas concerning morality?

If you can answer affirmatively to these questions, your everything a he man should be no matter how few muscles you have.

END



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All items are made of simulated natural hair to exacting professional standards. Firmly set and hairy. Can be worn with salt content anywhere anytime. They are so life-like you will have to remind yourself that they can be removed.

FREE with each order, a complete guide that tells how to naturally wear your sideburns, mustache, van dyke and beard.

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You're going to change your appearance. Push me the time I have checked below. I understand that I must be completely satisfied or I may return the merchandise within 10 days for a full refund. Check items and just shade you want. If not one of your hairishes, enclose hair sample with order.

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Name

Address

City

State & Zip

LOST CULTS

Continued from page 1

according to those women. Therefore, the wife sits and has another cup of coffee, dawdling over it, while the poor wretch waits, and then she goes upstairs and ties him to the bed, or hoists him up by gallows in the basement, sometimes gagging him so his screams will not be heard as she gives full rein to her cruelty. These are base sexual aberrations and perversions... though one itself is never mentioned and the words 'cruelty' and 'sadism' never used."

During meetings of "Discipline" Sex Cultists, however, according to experts, advocates must be ready to assume the role of master, mistress or slave. High on the list of any favored "slave" would be a young and beautiful woman masochistic enough to be stripped naked and then shamed and ridiculed. As a true masochist, she will permit her body to be visited and then agree to heterosexual or homosexual acts while others watch. She will not object when her "master" applies a short leather gon-gum whip to her flesh.

With slight variations, most of the "Goddie-Maids" cults operate in much the same way. The following method is practiced by a cult in Pennsylvania.

Membership costs ten dollars for singles and six dollars for married couples, and is on a six-monthly basis. Each member is issued an identification card, a lapel pin, a guarantee of receipt of four monthly issues of newsletters concerning other cults and their activities, a membership roster by state, guarantee that all letters will be forwarded for a fee, as long as they are sent to the club unsealed for examination to ensure that postal regulations are not violated. Ordinary photographs of couples or singles must accompany membership applications and fees.

Sex trading cults make use of lapel pins and ID cards, particularly those members who do a lot of traveling. Michael Leigh reports: "Many salesmen are involved, but the day of the jokes concerning the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter is long past. Today the joke is more likely to concern the traveling salesman and his wife and the farmer's daughter and son-in-

"When initiates are considering a business trip, preparations are made for in advance and, as often as not, by the wife, who has arranged to accompany her husband. Business conventions in themselves are harmless, but male-only conventions are becoming less and less popular. These days, when the conventioneer is married, the odds are that he will be accompanied by his wife.

"It is stated, anticlimactically without fine of contradiction, that any salesman of this persuasion, with a given territory under his jurisdiction containing four to a dozen large cities, can with his wife's cooperation contact at least one compatible couple in each of those cities. When actual contact has been established, and mutual credentials approved, introductions will then be effected with anywhere from two to six other couples."

NEWSLETTERS are popular among sex cultists of all types. The device permits couples to make new contacts. Cult leaders carefully word their copy, but occasionally their clubs grow so large that copies fall into the wrong hands. A sex cult in the suburbs of Chicago published a mimeographed newsletter to keep members informed of club activities. Police and postal authorities found samples, read what was being advertised, and cracked down. The cult had amassed 3,000 subscribers at the time of their arrest.

Another practice among cults and their leaders is to travel to their members to perform whatever function is asked of them. The alleged leader of the Newark cult had a list of some 30,000 names and would travel anywhere in the country to supply the aberration desired. Female cult leaders in New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Ohio have, when caught, confessed to giving lectures to groups of suburban ladies on the subject of discipline.

In most cases the "lectures" supplied their own models and equipment. Items such as strap gags, knee hobbles, ankle cuffs, gon-gum, and tongue whips, gloves, chastity belts (male and female), waist belts, shirts and helmets (all in leather) were often sold at the end of the talk. Cult leaders also prided themselves on making many "converts" during their tour.

It should be pointed out here that lust cultists are outwardly normal people. Anyone would be hard put to pick them out of a crowd. A 20-year-old girl living in a suburban community in North Carolina was recently interviewed by a social worker in connection with the girl's male-switching activities.

"You'd be surprised at the kind of people who were members," said the girl. "Len and I were just about the only knock-around characters in the whole group. The other husbands were salesmen, accountants, lawyers, architects, store-owners — men like that. The women were in their late twenties or early thirties. They were very respectable wives during the week — you know PTA members and that sort of thing. It was just that they and their husbands liked to get weird sex kicks — and did we get them!"

"Most of the members were in the \$15,000-a-year-and-up income brackets and had stately new houses — split-levels and everything. The only reason Len and I were tolerated was because we knew more about sex than any ill them."

"We tried all kinds of gimmicks — the aid car key bit, and sometimes we'd write our names on slips of paper and put them into a hat. Every now and then, we'd have just one great big orgy and play catch-as-can all night, or all weekend."

A sex cult in a suburb of St. Louis operated differently from most. Meetings were held every Saturday night. Members took turns acting as host and hostess. The proceedings were started with mescaline and cocaine. The liquor helped to get everyone in the mood. When enough of it was consumed, members stripped off their clothing. Couples paired off. Husbands would watch their wives copulating with other men. Couples engaged in whatever form of sexual activity appealed to them. Often there was three- and four-way sexual activity. The climax of the evening was a general orgy with no-holds-barred.

Many sex cults in the suburban areas of Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and Pennsylvania employ teenage girls to liven up their parties. Police report that some of the youngsters are as young as 12, 14 and 16.

SOME suburban sex cultists are partial to pornographic movies as a means of stimulating members. A cult in a suburb near Detroit was raided not long ago while a film was being shown. The female leader told police, "Everybody get drunk,

Men and women paired off to watch dirty movies. It didn't take long for us to get worked up to a fever pitch. Then clothes came off and the real party got started." She said also that the cult's rules called for a couple to stay together for the duration of the evening, but there were variations such as periodic "switches" in which "we played a kind of sexual version of musical chairs."

Another type of lust cult becoming more popular in the suburbs is the kind that excludes men entirely. An authority on the West Coast said recently, "My educated guess is that seven to ten per cent of the wives in nearly every subdivision have had or are having homosexual experiences."

A study made by Dr. Edward Staggs Blanton was more precise. He concluded that in no group or category was the rate of lesbianism more startlingly high than among suburban women—his statistics showing that one in every four suburban housewives engage in at least one homosexual act within three years after moving into their suburban environment.

Authorities report that homosexual cults are forming in many well-to-do communities throughout the country. One lesbian cultist living near Houston told an interviewer "I have sixteen close female friends, all of whom are married and live in the community. We've all had homosexual relations with each other many times over the last several years. We don't get emotionally involved—we just give each other a chance to stay on an even keel sexually. If we fooled around with a lot of different men we'd be taking chances. If we didn't get any sexual outlet besides masturbation, we'd probably end up in nursing homes or nut houses."

Of all sex clubs in operation, the lesbian cults are perhaps the most difficult to put out of commission. W. D. Sprague tells us why:

"It is interesting to note that most suburban housewives who engage in homosexual activities do so with other wives in their own communities and in their own circles of friends. Here, there is no attempt to find partners outside the community—as there is in the case of heterosexual affairs.

The reasons for this would appear to be fairly obvious. While a man might talk, brag about his conquest and threaten to cause trouble if he is rejected after a time, any housewife participating in a homosexual act is certain to remain

silent about it. The only other persons to whom she might divulge the secret would be other women who had also participated in similar acts—and even these would be bound out of interest for their own social safety and welfare, to remain silent outside the circle of those who had similar experiences."

We don't profess to know why lust cults are springing up in suburbs. Experts say the major cause rests with women's need to be the dominant force in heterosexual relationships. That may be the answer. The alleged leader of the Newark cult was a woman. Police say that most leaders of sex clubs, wife-

swapping clubs and sadomasochist cults are women. Spokesmen for most of these groups are usually women. Women most often take the initiative in setting up new contacts when they are in other suburban areas with their husbands."

True or not, that aspect is irrelevant. The important thing to do is to stand behind law enforcement agencies and all others concerned with community well-being in their efforts to curtail the organizations which will eventually undermine our accepted way of life.

END

SCHOOLS OF PASSION

(Continued from page 27)

advises the interested person to read any handbook of the system to find that "time after time you'll find troubled references to . . . social conduct ranging from drinking to systematic evasion of chaperones; bazing and the infamous Hell Week; unpaid bills . . . and numerous others."

Actually, any high school principal who has had to deal with secret societies will tell you that they are undemocratic and abominable.

He will probably add that they undermine school spirit and morale and have a devastating effect on scholarship and discipline, and that they also encourage drinking and immorality.

The National Education Association not long ago stated in their Bulletin that some 30 states and hundreds of local school boards have statutes outlawing secret groups or prohibiting public school students from joining them.

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the horrors of the Japanese occupation. We learned how not to offend our oppressors and the hope of final victory over the invaders gave us the courage to carry on.

I don't recall dates too clearly, but it seems like it was late in 1944 that the attitude of the Japanese changed towards us. They became quite proper towards the European quarter of Harbin. The officer called Yokaido increased our food rations. We were no longer subjected to the terrorism which we had come to expect from him.

The savagery towards the Chinese continued however until the day when the Japanese column, in full field pack, moved out of Harbin.

I remember the celebration we had when we heard of the Japanese surrender. It was a day never to be repeated. At last we were safe and free.

By now I was twenty. I had known nothing of love or the security your western women take for granted. But on that day, Joseph Brodsky, a boy whose family had fled the pogroms of the 1890's and I found each other.

The memory of the first time with Joseph is one of the very few treasures I have. His arms were strong and sure and he held me in a very tender way. Our lips met shyly at first. Then the pressure of his mouth on mine caused my lips to part. Our tongues entwined.

By then my breathing was a ragged plea for a release of all the emotions I had kept pent up within me for so long a time. Instinctively I did the things of preparation which would allow Joseph to approach me without encumbrances. When I fumbled with the buttons of my clothing, my new found lover rushed to my assistance.

I lay on my back on the warm earth. I raised my arms to Joseph. He hovered above me, grinning down. He could see my naked breasts turgid with their excitement. His strong fingers moved rapidly over my bursting flesh. He teased me with his kisses.

"Now, Joseph! Do not make me wait another second!" I sobbed.

Joseph's surging strength pounded against my consciousness. From it I was to derive a new sense of purpose which was to serve me in the times of horror to come.

On the day the Japanese surrendered, I reached my moment of victory. I became a woman in my own right.

Joseph and I were married several months later. It was a time of hap-

piness for all of us. My younger sister, Tanya was blossoming into beautiful womanhood. Life was not luxurious, but when I lay in Joseph's arms at night and felt his fingers playing along the column of my spine, I felt that I was wealthier than any other woman in the world. I would press myself against Joseph until we both could scarcely breathe. I would arch my back, giving him every promise of the great love I wished to express for him. My body would writhe against his, urging him to the full measure of his manhood. Then we both would sleep.

Tanya talked often of leaving Harbin. It was selfishness on my part which kept her from it. I recognized that there must be a larger world outside of Manchuria. But the thought of moving into it terrified me. The brutality I had been witness to made me shy away from new discoveries. I felt that we would be safe here.

That was before the unit of the Chinese Peoples' Third Army under command of Major Chi Hung marched into Harbin. When they hung their banners and the portraits of Chou and Mao the Russian expatriots were not overly concerned. Had we known then what we were to learn in the next few months, we would have been terrified.

The Communist major had it in for the European Community from the very start. He had been sent to Russia to study the techniques of the M.V.D. While in Moscow he had become aware of the Russian Revolution of 1917. The accounts of the Bolsheviks' activities had triggered a latent sadism in the major. He imagined himself as one of them bringing retribution to the Czarist warlords.

Now that he was in charge in Harbin, he planned to make the European settlement suffer for the fact that their parents and grand parents had been successful in fleeing their motherland.

Major Chi was particularly violent against the men of the compound. He would spit on them if they did not move out of his way quickly enough. His hands would gesticulate wildly in readily understandable obscenities against them.

We knew from the beginning that Chi was harsh and vindictive. But as time wore on we were to learn that he was in reality a sadistic psychopath.

We could see little symptoms of it in his actions with his troops. For example, he set up a series of straw dummies in the walled pagoda he

occupied. It stimulated his perversity to think that his men carried out their bayonet training in the gardens where the Chinese peasants had once offered their evening prayers. Chi shouted that the Chinese prayed now only to Mao.

HOUR after hour, Chi's men would race at the straw dumplings and plunge their bayonets through the shredded straw. The Major of the Peoples' Third Army stood stiff and intent watching the demonstration. He never seemed to tire of it.

Then Chi's interest seemed to turn to my husband whose small shop the Red officer patronized frequently. The shadow of Chi hung over us like a cloud. But Joseph would do his best to put my fears to rest.

At night I would lie naked next to my husband, shivering uncontrollably with dread I could not name. Joseph would clutch me to him and pet me in his special way, desperately trying to soothe away my panic.

But the cloud grew thicker. One day I heard the harsh sounds of men's voices raised in rage in the front of Joseph's shop. I burst through the curtain to see Joseph standing with his legs spread wide, his fists balled up at his sides. The major watched him through narrow eyes.

Major Chi's expression was inscrutable. Then his face broke into a smile which was as evil as anything that might be imagined. Chi glanced from Joseph to myself. "Comrade Brodsky, you have a most attractive wife," Chi said. He turned on his heel and walked out.

I tried to pry the secret behind the argument from my husband. But he would not tell me. A few weeks went by and the incident was almost forgotten. Then two of Chi's men came and took Joseph to the pagoda. That was the last I was to see of my husband alive.

Tanya understood my terror at Joseph's disappearance. For the next three days she stayed constantly with me in the shop. When I could stand the suspense no longer, she accompanied me to the pagoda. And for that fact I curse the day I was given the breath of life.

We were kept waiting for what seemed like hours in an anteroom. Finally two uniformed guards ushered us into Chi's private quarters. The major sat behind a teak desk. The skin stretched tight as parchment across his skull. His lips smiled at us. I knew enough of the

Oriental personality by now to understand that the smile hid evil incarnate.

Chi did not bother with any pleasantries. "You have come seeking Comrade Brodsky?" he demanded.

"My husband has disappeared."

"Perhaps he has found another woman?"

"I resent your attitude, Major."

"Ah, so. What would you do for your husband, madam comrade?"

Tanya shot a glance of warning in my direction. Although she was several years younger than I, she had a wisdom which was far beyond her age. She could understand that Chi was readying some sort of trap for me.

"I would give up my very life for him."

"And your bourgeois honor?"

I did not answer.

"Your sister will wait here, Madame Comrade. You will accompany me. We will see just how deep your love is for your husband."

"Take me to him!" I demanded.

"That is out of the question. But you will accompany me."

ICANNOT bring myself to tell you of the first encounter with Chi. Never had I known that such vicious perversity could rage within a man. I recall shrieking under his onslaught until I could only gasp for breath. Only the forlorn hope that somehow I was helping Joseph kept me from losing my sanity completely.

When Chi had finished with me, he tossed my clothes at me and strode from the room. I heard a lock click behind him. At that moment I recognized that I had become his slave.

New terror gripped me. Not only did I fear for Joseph but my concern grew for little Tanya. When the guards brought me my food, I demanded to know what had happened to her. They stared at me impassively. They left the room without uttering a word.

Chi returned to me whenever it suited him. He made me do things that no woman should ever know about it. The man was a maniac of the worst kind.

I pleaded with him to take my husband. He laughed in my face. I asked about my sister. He spat upon me.

Then came the morning when the guards came. They carried Russian made rifles with them. The glint of their bayonets shone in the light which slanted through the narrow window of my room. Silently they prodded me forward.

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I had long ago learned of the Oriental execution techniques. I expected that a bill of particulars citing my "crimes" would be hung from my neck and I would be shot. I still was completely ignorant of what was going on around me.

I marched with my hands at my sides into the pagoda's courtyard.

I screamed in horror at the sight I beheld. My sister Tanya had been bound to one of the straw dummies used for bayonet practice. Her legs were spread wide, showing the soft flesh of her thighs where her skirt had been ripped away. Her young breasts were virtually uncovered.

Before I could catch my breath for another scream, the guard seized my arms and twisted them behind me. I felt a knee thrust into the small of my back, forcing me forward. One of the Red Soldiers held a coil of rope in his hands. He watched me as if mesmerized.

Pinching, probing hands maneuvered me so that my back was jammed against the remaining dummy. The coarse burlap and rough straw ground against my flesh. The savagery with which the binding cords were applied to my trembling limbs tore the breath from my lungs. Finally I was spread-eagled to the dummy unable to move more than my head.

Chi approached me with a malevolent smile—the deadly grin which never seemed to leave his face. Unhurriedly he tested the ropes which held me. He tugged at them until they all but disappeared into the folds of my flesh.

"We have brought you together, comrade traitors so that we may reach an understanding. Madam Comrade Brodsky, I have found your sister most uncooperative. She is not properly motivated. You follow orders because you think it will help your husband. Now the woman called Tanya must be shown that her continuing recalcitrant behavior might work to your disadvantage.

"You have both heard of the death of a thousand cuts. This morning I have arranged a little demonstration. Today you will both receive only a few innocuous cuts. But never forget that from this moment forward, you will have the fate of your sister squarely in your hands. Should either one of you offend me in the slightest, the other will be brought here. The bayonets will career and where they career the blood will course. The hours will pass and the days and the weeks. And I can tell you that each second will be an unendurable one."

Tanya and I screamed simultane-

ously as the guards moved in. The glistening tips of their bayonets were held poised against the flatness of our bellies. I felt the cold pin prick of steel against my flesh. Some instinct told me not to move. I stared in morbid fascination as the bayonet made an indentation against my stomach. I saw little trickles of blood run over the smoothness of my skin.

Behind me I heard Tanya's outraged cry. I knew that my little sister was suffering every emotion I experienced.

When Chi had finished with us, I was returned to my locked room. He did not come to me that night or the next. From somewhere in the pagoda, I heard high pitched shrills. I knew that his attention now centered on Tanya.

I LAY on my couch suffering the tortures of hell. When I dozed, I had hideous nightmares in which Tanya and Joseph came to me to curse me for betraying them. I was sure now that Joseph's disappearance had something to do with Chi's desire for me. And I knew that I was being used as bait to insure that Tanya would do Chi's fiendish bidding.

I don't know whether it was a week or a month later—I have lost all track of time—when I heard the sounds of gun fire in the pagoda's gardens. There were shouts and curses and the noises of bodies falling.

Then the sounds came closer. Rifle bats slammed their way through the paneling of my door. A ghost-like figure gripped my wrist and urged me forward. "Quickly, little flower" the voice whispered. "There is very little time!"

"My sister! My husband!" I cried.

"I can't tell you anything about that! You must leave now! All arrangements have been made!"

The rest of my story must be held in secret. There are still too many lives at stake for me to speak of it. Besides there are portions of it of which I am still ignorant.

I can only hope that somehow Joseph made good his escape from Chi and it was he who arranged for my liberation. I can only pray that the raid which freed me, also served to release Tanya.

Suffice it to say, my friend, that when you meet the Red hordes in Korea you will meet a few who are more savage than you can ever imagine. Be very careful. If I were you I would choose death if it were the alternative to capture by him.

END

was already beginning to cook me. Tafaddal made an appearance during the morning. He tossed an *aba* to Mona to protect her body. He was furious. He ripped my shirt off. He stood in front of me, his face still puffed. The back of his hand swept my cheeks. I struggled against the ropes. His fist sank into my gut. "You have been a thorn in my side long enough." Both fists smashed my face and body. Mona screamed at him to stop. He ignored her. He wanted my face to look like his and he wouldn't stop until he'd accomplished it. I passed out.

The sun was overhead when I came to. My body was bright red. Blisters were rising. My mouth was dry and my lips were swollen. I was dehydrating. I'd fallen to my knees and was leaning forward. My shoulders and back felt as though they were on fire. I couldn't see very well, but I was aware of a presence beside me. It was Mona.

She held a ladle of water to my lips. "Drink it quickly." I took one gulp. The ladle was kicked out of her hand. I let my head fall and I must have passed out again.

Now it was mid-afternoon. I felt hands lifting me to my feet. I squinted through puffed eyes. Tafaddal's face slowly came into focus. He was showing me the garas I'd used to kill his

guard. "This blade has been in the sun as long as you have. It is quite hot." He pressed it against my shoulder. My head snapped back as the searing heat lanced through me. My mouth opened. I gagged on the smoking flesh. He flipped the blade over and repeated the torture on the other shoulder.

I was half-crazed with heat, pain and rage. I twisted and rolled. I lashed out savagely with my feet. I kept screaming at him that I'd kill him.

Tafaddal mocked my words. "You are already half dead. By sundown you will be food for the hubara."

He was wrong. He reappeared at dusk and lifted my head. He snorted, "As long as he is alive, give him some food and water. It will give me pleasure to let him watch what happens to his woman."

I was given a few drops of water at five-minute intervals. Some boiled rice was forced between my lips. I could feel life flowing back into my body. But I had no hope. Another day in the sun would kill me.

SLAVE girls entered the patio and arranged Tafaddal's pillows. He sat down beside Mona. His fingers deftly removed the *aba* from her shoulders. She made an effort to get away, but he grabbed her hair and pulled her back. She didn't fight now. I saw

hopelessness in her eyes. She felt about the same as I did. There was no escape, no hope for either of us.

Musicians entered and began to play. Food was brought in. Tafaddal ate like a pig. The three belly dancers came in and performed. One of them hardly moved. She was out of tune. At first I thought she simply didn't feel like dancing, but then I saw that she was glaring at Mona. I remembered now that she had been the one Tafaddal had shoved away the night before when Mona had entered. She hated Mona for that.

Tafaddal reached for a pom-pom whip. He struck the dancer's legs with it. "You are not good tonight, Sibili. Dance!"

The woman shrank back. "No...I will not!"

Tafaddal rose. The pom-pom lashed the woman's hips and shoulders. He brought the whip down hard across her back. She fell. He hit her again. She dragged herself across the patio, screaming in pain. She lay at my feet, her breasts heaving, her small fists clenched tightly. Tafaddal went back to his pillows and ordered the other two dancers to continue.

Sibili looked up at me with expressionless eyes. I leaned forward. "Why do you take that from him?"

She looked away. "I do not know... I hate him..."

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"Do something about it."

Our eyes met. She looked at me as though I'd said something incomprehensible. She got up and limped out of sight.

Tafaddal soon tired of the dancers and sent them away. He dismissed the musicians next and then leaned forward on the pillows. "Burgess, your girl and I are alone now. I am going to make love to her. Watch how a sultan takes a woman."

He yanked Mona to him. His mouth sank into her throat. She gasped. I could hear her crying now. She pushed him back, but he held her arms. I heard her crying, "Please... no...no..." I lowered my eyes. I couldn't watch what he was going to do... I felt a rage burning in my chest... a hopeless kind of rage that could drive a man mad.

I felt something behind me. Warm hands. My ropes were being cut. Something hard was pressed into my palm. A knife handle. Those warm hands now touched my arms. A soft voice whispered, "Kill him... Kill him..." I knew who it was.

I started forward. My legs were shaky. I kept going, my eyes fixed on Tafaddal's back. I fell on him. The blade went deep. He gagged. I pulled the knife out and sank it in again. His body twitched. I grabbed his tarboose and turned him over. I wanted him to see who was doing it. His eyes widened. His lips formed my name. I drove the knife into his heart.

MONA and I made for the wall. This time we went over it. But we were no sooner on the ground outside when a scream brought the palace to life. We ran toward the crest of the monkhabad. Rifles cracked sharply in the night air. Sand geysered around us. We clawed our way to the top of the sandy crest. I looked back and saw dozens of zaps pouring through

the palace gate. It was a discouraging sight. I hadn't been aware that Tafaddal had so many men.

They were crawling up to us. Some were cutting off my route to where I'd parked the jeep. At the moment we were out of sight. I'd have to keep it that way if I could. I held Mona's hand and led her toward the rolling sand dunes east of Tafaddal's oil wells. I hoped somehow to circle around and come up behind the jeep.

Running in the sand was difficult. To make matters worse, we could hear the zaps shouting. They seemed to be on all sides of us. It was as though they were telling us that running was futile.

The ordeal of the day told quickly on me. I dropped to my knees, exhausted. Mona pleaded with me to get up. I made an effort, but fell again. I was ready to call it quits when I caught sight of a defile covered with camelthorn. I crawled to it and lifted the spiny vines so that Mona could slip under it. I followed her down into the depression and lay beside her, my hands cupped over my mouth to muffle my erratic breathing.

Seconds later we heard them above us. They were running fast. In a little while more came. The desert was crawling with Zaps. We lay huddled under the camelthorn, listening to them above us and dying a thousand deaths until they left.

The activity finally died down, but I was sure they hadn't given up. They'd undoubtedly formed patrols and were now settling down to an orderly search.

Mona was in my arms. I cautioned her not to talk above a whisper. She nodded. She was really frightened now that we were being hunted like animals. Her body trembled constantly. I didn't have to tell her that our escape had only delayed the inevitable. We were finished and she knew it. The one who'd discovered Tafaddal's body had finished us. We'd have had a chance except for her. It came to me then that it had been Sibili who'd screamed. She'd hated Mona, too. By accepting her knife I'd played right into her hands. Now she'd see all of us dead.

"When will they find us?"

"Who knows?"

"Greg, would you kiss me?"

Tears were in her eyes. I leaned over and kissed her. She seemed to relax a little. She smiled up at me. "I needed that. I think I would've screamed..." She grabbed my hand and held it tightly. "I'm scared... What will they do to us?"

I looked deep into her eyes and decided not to pull any punches. When I was finished telling her what



zaps usually do to Westerners who kill their leaders I showed her the knife I'd used on Tafaddal. "This will be quicker...is it all right with you?"

Her hands shot to her mouth to stifle sobs. Tears rolled into her blonde hair. She clung to me. I kissed her again. This time we held our lips together. Her body moved closer to mine. My hands were gentle. I found the bra snaps. Her fingers touched my face. The trembling stopped now. For just these few moments everything was erased from our minds. There was no fear as we clutched at this final experience of tenderness. We knew it would be our last. We knew that it was only a matter of time before we were found. So we let our passion build and then explode and finally subside...

MINUTES later I dozed off. Mona let me sleep for three hours. I awoke rejuvenated. I lifted the camel-thorn to have a look outside. It was still dark. I couldn't see any zaps, but that didn't mean they'd gone home. The moon was gone. It was darker now, but it would soon be dawn. I didn't feel like sitting here and waiting for daylight.

I told Mona to follow me. I stayed on my belly and crawled out of the defile. I scanned the area ahead, saw a valley between two dunes and started for it. Crawling wasn't easy, but it was quieter and we didn't offer anybody a silhouette to fire at.

By carefully picking defiles and depressions beforehand, we managed to cover a lot of ground. We could hear chatter occasionally, and had to stop crawling until it was quiet again. Our elbows and knees were raw. I kept the knife clutched in my hand and was ready to use it on both of us if I had to.

We were agonizingly slow, so slow in fact that the sky was beginning to grow lighter and we were still a good distance from where I'd parked my jeep.

"Stop!"

My body jerked with the suddenness of the human voice. Cold sweat beaded on my face. I slipped the knife behind my wrist. I looked up and saw a salaud holding a rifle on me. Mona's fingers closed on my ankle. "Greg... do it...please...I don't want to be taken back..."

"Imshil!"

I stood. Mona got up. I looked beyond the salaud and saw my jeep, maybe a hundred yards away. I wished I hadn't seen it. The salaud motioned with his rifle to start walking. Mona put her hand to her head and moaned. She fell down in a dead faint. The salaud looked at her. His rifle went

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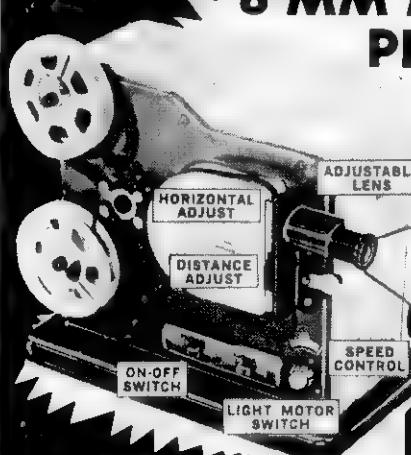
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Impudent laughter bathed the
brows of the watchers. It gathered
on their bodies under their expansive
clothes. Lady Eunice touched her lips with the tip of her tongue.
She smiled at her guests triumphantly.

Suddenly they were alert to the
sound of clanking chains which became
instantly louder as they listened.
A key grated from behind the iron
door at the right of the chamber.
The gaoler stood posing before them.

At a signal, his two assistants entered
the room. They dragged a young
girl between them. For a moment all
the watchers could see was the whiteness
of her muslin shift and the rusted
manacles and leg irons which were
joined together by means of heavy
lengths of chain.

The girl's head had fallen forward
on her bosom, hiding her face behind
a screen of flowing hair. The girl
grappled the floor with her bare toes,
trying desperately to stem her progress.
One of the gaolers gripped her
neck, forcing her head upward.

"This is the prisoner, Sarah Hamilton.
She has been committed to our
tender mercy for failure to meet her
obligations for board and lodgings.
The magistrates in all their infinite
wisdom have consigned to her the punishment
of 100 lashes on the bare
back followed by hanging by the neck
until she has expired. The first part
of the sentence will be carried out
at your pleasure," the chief gaoler
intoned.

The words struck against Sarah
Hamilton's ears. For a long moment
she stared at the heavy whipping post
which commanded the room. The iron
cuffs which waited to restrain her
wrists seemed to reach out for her.

Puriously she struggled in the grip
of her captors. Her chains clinked in
a cacophony of terror. She lifted her
tor-tainted face to the assemblage.
Her mouth worked in mute horror.

Lady Eunice studied the girl. The
gaoler had not lied. She was indeed
a beautiful wench. The uncorseted
breasts stood high and firm. The
belly was flat. The hips swelled with
mature promise. The legs were thin
and graceful, yet the sinew which
underlay them showed great strength.
She had indeed been worth the price.

Sarah Hamilton's terrified eyes met
Lady Eunice's. The girl fell to her
knees, hands clasped before her. "M'
lady!" she cried. "Don't let them do
this terrible thing to me. I have com-
mitted no crime. I owed an inn keeper
a few bob, no more. If they would
let me, I'd work off the debt. I'd scrub
floors, sweep chimneys. Anything.
Only don't let them whip me!"

Lady Eunice pressed her moistened
handkerchief against her nose. She
felt the gathering tension of those
behind her. How simple it would really
be to pay the girl's debt. But to the
London rabes that would be a
sign of weakness. She suppressed a
nervous giggle as Sarah Hamilton's
chains were struck from her arms and
legs.

Strikingly with all of her strength,
struggling with every muscle fiber,
the girl was dragged insensiblement to the
post. One of the gaolers held her
hands high above her head, wrapping
them around the top of the stake. The
other stepped forward eagerly and
clamped the iron manacles around
them.

NOW Sarah Hamilton threw her
self from side to side. Her hands
clenched and unclenched. She felt the
bite of her shift against her delicate
skin as the chief gaoler ripped the
garment. She looked over her shoulder
as the chief gaoler lifted the bull's
pizzle and swung it tentatively through
the empty air. The stiff leather cracked
with the force of a pistol shot. Although
Sarah had yet to feel its bite, her entire body flinched.
She twisted her head over her shoulder,
watching the maddening preparations
for her torture.

"Please, M'Lady!" she screamed.
The words were cut off in a strangled
gasp as the long plate snaked around
her exposed hips.

With maddening slowness the hand
gaoler drew back the lash once more.
He was practiced in his evil art. He
knew that to rush the agony would
spite so much pain that his victim
would become insensitive to her torment.
Now he began showing off his
prowess, calling his shots, bowing to
the crowd, grinning in their approval.

Lady Eunice's party departed the
prison as the girl was being cut down
from the whipping post. They turned
their backs on her naked form being
dragged across the blood stained floor.
For them the London night offered
other delights. They would savor until
dawn. Then Lady Eunice would
find herself naked and panting in the
arms of one of her admirers. She wondered
which one it would be.

Tomorrow Sarah Hamilton would
feel the final curse of the hangman's
noose tightening around her neck.
She would look out from the scaffold
at the Debtor's Door and see the
gargoyles of lust-reddened faces calling
for her death agonies.

Was this an isolated act of sadism
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Life was cheap in London. There was the constant danger of cholera and other plagues. Men and women lived in dread of the pox, of syphilis, of cutthroats and brigands. Brutality was the order of the day.

Thus it was not unusual for the leading debutantes to make up "Flogging Parties." A bribe to a corrupt gaoler was easy enough to make or arrange. The gaolers were not paid by the crown. They made their livings by stealing from the inmates placed under their jurisdiction.

Not did any strains of mercy temper judicial pronouncements. Sarah Hamilton was hanged for failure to pay a debt of a few bob. Was this uncommon? Hardly.

NO less an authority of the times than Charles Dickens recounted the pitiful plight of the wife of an impressed seaman in the year 1777. Forced onto the streets, she was convicted of stealing a shilling to buy food for her fatherless child. The gibbet claimed her neck with as much sureness as if she had been convicted of high treason.

W. Reinhard in his *Nell in Bridewell* gives an appallingly graphic description of a teenage girl being flogged with birch rods soaked in salt and vinegar. The child had been convicted of prostitution, a profession she had adopted as the only means available to sustain her life.

Even without being confined to prison, the indigent were mercilessly exploited and tortured. Lady Frances Pennoyer employed a lovely young girl as a char maid. Here is an entry in Lady Frances' diary which indicates the savage abuse the girl suffered at the employer's hands:

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Before McClelland, who was staring open-mouthed, could think of any thing to say—Katie hadn't been wearing anything under the dress—she unshayed around so he could see she didn't have a holster fastened where you couldn't see it from the front. "Lord a mighty," he mumbled, he had never seen a woman put together like this one. "Look . . ." he said, his tongue flicking over his lips. "I hafta finish the count . . . then I'll be right back."

Ten minutes later he unlocked Katie's cell and went inside. Katie was waiting on her cot and it wasn't long before McClelland gasped. "Pull her down, woman—I ain't as young as I used to be!"

But Katie didn't flitter down. Besides the fact that she had 5 months' catching up to do, her scheme to escape depended upon loving the big guard into sleeping off.

When at last she pulled it a day he staggered toward the cell's barred door, where he'd hung his uniform. "Where you goin'?" Katie said.

McClendon looked over his shoulder at the little woman. "Ain't we finished?" he said. "I figured."

"Hell, you just got a sample," Katie said.

"Lord, woman, I'm plumbtuckered. Maybe tomorrow . . ."

"Perk yourself up with a chew or something," Katie said. "Then git back here."

McClendon reached into his pant's pocket and took out a plug of Brown's Mule and bit off a chew. It perked him up and he went back to the cot.

This time when Katie quit hoorayin' the big guard he began to snore like a horse with the heaves.

Katie put on his uniform—if she stayed in the shadows maybe the other guards wouldn't notice it fit her like a bustle on an old maid—then she took McClendon's keys, hand cuffs and .44 and let herself out of the cell.

SOON she was in the prison's yard. She was tense—she was still a Texas mile from an escape.

But nothing happened and moments later she quietly unlocked the door of McClendon's quarters—Married guards lived in 3-room row houses back of the men's cell block.

She crept into the bedroom and removed her uniform and put on McClendon's sleeping wife's clothes. Then she went to the kitchen and picked up a half-loaf of bread and a link of sausage.

She went outside and meandered to the stable. "I think I'll go for a ride . . ." she said to Hank Thornton the whiskered old bar fly who was this night stable hand. "Draw a

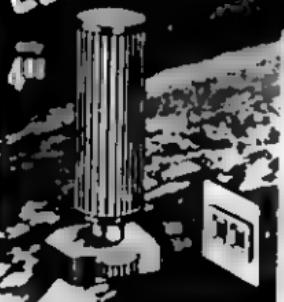
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"Hell with money. I want a confession."

"You won't get it. I've got nothing to lose by letting you kill me here. You didn't think about that, did you?"

"I guess the rope ain't tight enough," Katie said. She twisted it with a stick, a feat which raised Foxworthy to the tips of his toes.

Beads of sweat formed on his brow. He bit his lips until they bled. Then, unable to stand it any longer, he blurted a confession.

KATIE released the stick and climbed onto her mount and rode to Haynes. She pulled up at Marshal Snyder's office, which was also his living quarters, and tapped on the door.

"I've got Foxworthy out in the country," she said to the astounded marshal, "and he's ready to tell you what he done to Matt and me."

The marshal looked warily at the little woman. She had to be telling the truth, he decided—she knew he'd send her back to Tate if she tried to horse him.

He woke up his deputy—he wanted a witness to the confession—and he and Katie and the deputy rode toward the old well.

They got there in the first light of dawn. "Tell these boys what you told me," Katie said to Foxworthy.

The old banker denied he'd said anything and he demanded that the marshal cut him down. "I guess I gotta tighten the rope again," Katie said.

She twisted it with the stick so hard it lifted Foxworthy off the ground.

He endured it for five agonizing minutes before he blurted that he'd murdered Matt Haston and perjured Katie into jail.

"I'll take over from here," the marshal said tight-lipped.

He cut the lariat and, leaving the cuffs on Foxworthy, boosted him onto his horse.

"Ten thousand dollars restitution to Mrs. Haston," Circuit Judge J.B. McAllister said 2 weeks later. "And death by hanging."

Marshal Snyder hanged Foxworthy an hour after he signed the draft for Katie's restitution—an event which transpired right after the trial.

"What are you gonna do with all that money?" Snyder said to Katie after the hanging.

"I'm gonna buy a spread."

"A woman can't work it alone." "I ain't figgerin' on doin' it alone, Moss . . . you're gonna help me."

The marshal knew a good thing when he saw it. Katie was a beautiful woman, a heavy lover, and she had more money than he could accumulate in a lifetime as marshal.

He took off his star and tossed it onto the dusty street.

END

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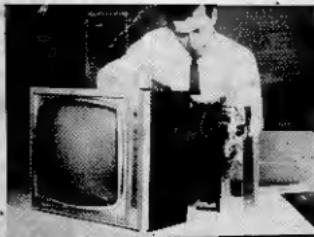
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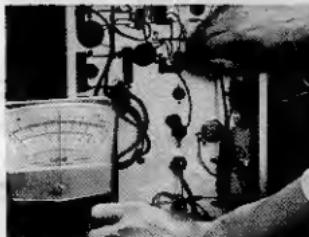
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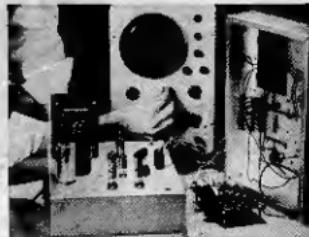
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